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Coach that Nap ran from:

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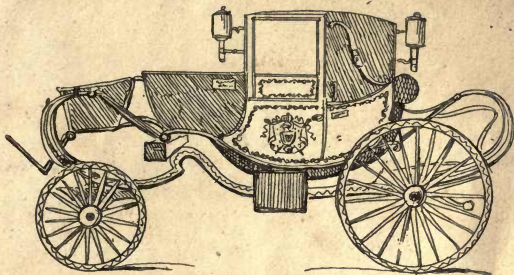
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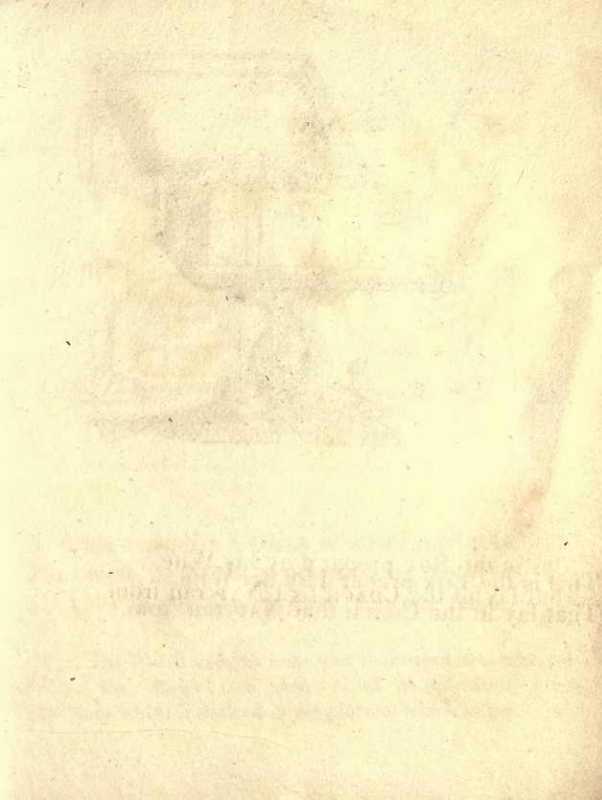
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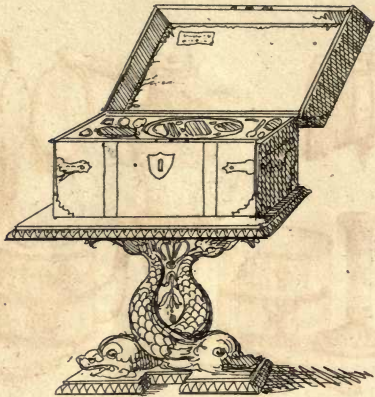


This is the COACH that NAP ran from.

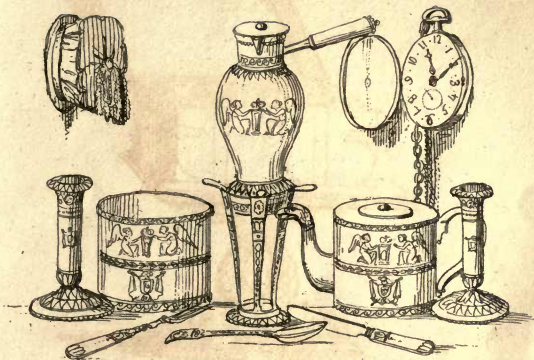
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This is the GOVERNMENT that has been from





This is the Box prepar'd by his Wife,  
That lay in the COACH that NAP ran from.



And here are the SPOILS of silver and gold!  
That were in the Box prepar'd by his Wife,  
That lay in the COACH that NAP ran from.

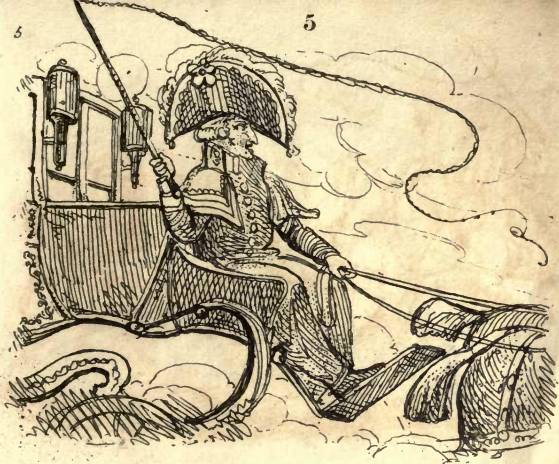
\* \* \* The Watch tells the hour that it changed its master, correctly; the Moon then shone in all its splendour, a circumstance which is noticed in the pictures which follow.



There are the houses in harness so fine,  
The houses on the towers of silver and gold,  
That were on the banks of the Nile,  
That were on the banks of the Nile,  
That were on the banks of the Nile.



These are the HORSES, in harness so fine,  
That drew on the SPOILS of silver and gold,  
That were in the BOX prepar'd by his Wife,  
That lay in the COACH that NAP ran from.



And this is the COACHMAN, in the Moonshine,  
That drove the SIX HORSES, in harness so fine,  
That drew on the SPOILS of silver and gold,  
That were in the BOX prepar'd by his Wife,  
That lay in the COACH that NAP ran from.



And this is the Colours of the Kingdom  
That show the six flowers in the garden  
That show on the robes of silver and gold  
That were in the box prepared by his wife  
That lay in the corner that lay from



This is the Baron, so brave and so bold,  
That cut down the Coachman, in the Moonlight,  
That drove the Six Horses, in harness and mail,  
That drew on the spurs of silver and gold, and  
That was in the box, proud of his thing,  
That lay in the Coach that day, and none would  
That day, but he, and he alone, and he alone.



This is the **BARON**, so brave and so bold,  
That cut down the **COACHMAN**, in the Moonshine,  
That drove the **SIX HORSES**, in harness so fine,  
That drew on the **SPOILS** of silver and gold,  
That were in the **Box** prepar'd by his Wife,  
That lay in the **COACH** that **NAP** ran from.



This is the man with the BUGLE HORN,  
 That sounded the charge the BARON led on,  
 That cut down the COACHMAN, in the Moonshine,  
 That drove the SIX HORSES, in harness so fine,  
 That drew on the SPOILS of silver and gold,  
 That were in the Box prepar'd by his Wife,  
 That lay in the COACH that NAP ran from.



This is the man with the black horse  
That sounded the charge the day he did  
That cut down the German, in the morning  
That drove the six horses, in the morning  
That drove the six horses, in the morning  
That drove the six horses, in the morning  
That drove the six horses, in the morning  
That drove the six horses, in the morning





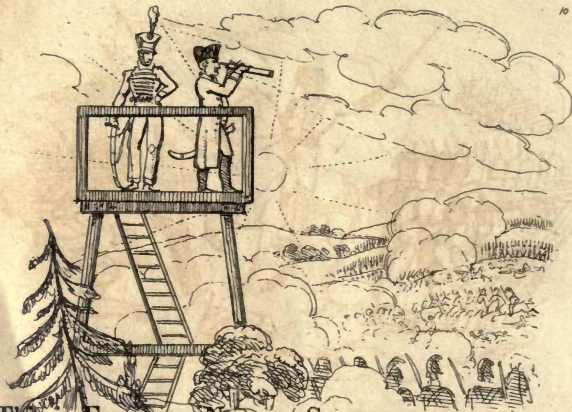
These are FRENCH SOLDIERS, all battered and torn,  
 That fled from the man with the BUGLE HORN,  
 That sounded the charge the BARON led on,  
 That cut down the COACHMAN, in the Moonshine,  
 That drove the SIX HORSES, in harness so fine,  
 That drew on the SPOILS of silver and gold,  
 That were in the BOX prepar'd by his Wife,  
 That lay in the COACH that NAP ran from.



And here's the **GREAT BATTLE** and hope forlorn,  
 Of the **FRENCH SOLDIERS**, all battered and torn,  
 That fled from the man with the **BUGLE HORN**,  
 That sounded the charge the **BARON** led on,  
 That cut down the **COACHMAN**, in the Moonshine,  
 That drove the **SIX HORSES**, in harness so fine,  
 That drew on the **SPOILS** of silver and gold,  
 That were in the **Box** prepar'd by his Wife,  
 That lay in the **COACH** that **NAP** ran from.

And here's the GREAT BATTLE and hope to learn  
Of the French SOLDIERS, all battered and torn  
That fled from the man with the GREAT Horn  
That sounded the charge the Baron led on  
That cut down the COACHMAN in the Moonshine  
That drove the six HORSES in harness so fine  
That drew on the spoils of silver and gold  
That were in the box prepared by his Wife  
That lay in the COACH that was so fine  
That lay in the COACH that was so fine

That he fled from the man with the Beetle Horn,  
That sounded the charge the Baron led on,  
That got down the Coachman in the Moonshine,  
That gave the 24 Horses in harness so fine,  
That on the Spoils of silver and gold,  
In the Box prepared by his Wife,  
That in the Coach that Nap tan took



THIS IS EMPEROR NAP, ON SCAFFOLD SEEN,  
 That was *out* of the BATTLE all forlorn,  
 That his SOLDIERS *were in*, all battered and torn,  
 That fled from the man with the BUGLE HORN,  
 That sounded the charge the BARON led on,  
 That cut down the COACHMAN, in the Moonshine,  
 That drove the SIX HORSES, in harness so fine,  
 That drew on the SPOILS of silver and gold,  
 That were in the Box prepar'd by his Wife,  
 That lay in the COACH that NAP ran from.



THIS HERO can, on danger smile,  
 His Fame resounds through Britain's Isle,  
 He car'd not e'er for Foeman's mien,  
 Or e'er for NAP on SCAFFOLD seen,  
 That was *out* of the BATTLE all forlorn,  
 That his SOLDIERS *were in*, all battered and torn,  
 That fled from the man with the BUGLE HORN,  
 That sounded the charge the BARON led on,  
 That cut down the COACHMAN, in the Moonshine,  
 That drove the SIX HORSES, in harness so fine,  
 That drew on the SPOILS of silver and gold,  
 That were in the BOX prepar'd by his Wife,  
 That lay in the COACH that NAP ran from.



The wonderful Ocean, from which I carry thee

At the rock's Mouth, is open to view;

And thou art invited to take a walk in

The wide world, as thou art best as a bird.

His World, his Power, and his People, and God you will see.

Be sure to see the Port, the Master of the sea;

His Power, his Power, and his Power, and to be seen.

His Power, his Power, and his Power, and to be seen.

And thou art invited to take a walk in

The wide world, as thou art best as a bird.



The wonderful COACH, from which NAPPY flew,  
 At BULLOCK'S Museum, is open to view ;  
 And if you will please, to take a walk in,  
 The whole will be shown, as neat as a pin ;  
 His Watch, Knives and Forks, and Cup you will see,  
 Besides his Gold Pot, for making his tea ;  
 His Plates, Spoons, and Bedstead, and, to be short,  
 His Silver Utensils, of every sort ;  
 And if you wish you, may have a step through,  
 The CARRIAGE so famous, from fam'd WATERLOO !

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OR,


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OF THE HORNBOOK

BY THE HORNBOOK

THE HORNBOOK

The Hornbook has been published this day for the first time in the Hornbook since the Hornbook was first published by the Hornbook.



